

A D V I C E
T O
Mr. H A N D E L:

Which may serve as an EPILOGUE to
ISRAEL in *EGYPT*.

G Riev'st thou, my Friend, that HARMONY has Foes?
That Spite and Ignorance Desert oppose?
Reflect; true Merit always Envy rais'd,
Who felt herself condemn'd, when That was prais'd.
In vain thou hop'st to charm with Sounds divine
The Fiend, who stops her Ears to Sounds like Thine;
Deaf to the Charmer's Voice, tho' 'ere so wise:
The more thy Art to sooth her Malice tries,
The more her Javelin of Detraction flies,
But flies in vain; her Javelin let her throw,
Superior Merit still eludes the Blow.

IF *Vandal* Ears with native Dulness curst,
Damn the best Musick, and applaud the worst:
If thou to dull *P* — *ti* quit the Field,
And * Bards inspir'd, to duller *C* — *i* yeild;
Repine not but attend the sure Event,
And with the pleasing Prospect rest content.

THOU know'st the Rigour of *Egyptian* Law,
Exacting Brick, yet not allowing Straw.
Think on this Lot severe, and pity those
Who justly claim thy Pity, tho' thy Foes,
By Hunger, without Genius, fated to Compose.
Pity th' *Egyptian* Darknes of His Mind,
Who gropes for HARMONY, but cannot find.
Nay, pity us, once doom'd Two Hours to bear
Such Sounds, as Thou hast made us loath to hear.

FROM Day to Day thou shift'st thy flying Muse,
From Day to Day the *Vandal* Host pursues:
They cannot long; like *Egypt*, quickly drown'd,
Their own dull Weight shall sink 'em in the vast Profound.
Thou safe, like *Israel*, on the promis'd Shore,
Exult, enjoy the Wreck, nor fear their Insults more.

* *Moses* and *David*.